

Home Reading.

Children Playing.

(FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.)

Oh, what would we do, were it not for the singing.
The clatter and tumult, the little ones raise?
Their loud, merry laughter, like bell tones are ringing.
How merry their pastimes and sweet childish ways!
The trove of alchemist, for hush like the rose's
O'erspread every object their fancies adorn.
And the commonest thing a rich beauty discloses.
Their playthings are jewels, tho' ragged and torn.
Each word is a jest, each act a sensation.
As notes of their laughter rise on the air
It flows on the ear, as a grateful obligation.
As pleasant music to lighten our care.
What tho' they may tire us, their frolic prolonging.
All dusty, and weary, returned from their play,
The roses of health their bright cheeks adorning.
Their beautiful glances will doubly repay!

Saratoga Letter.

(FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.)

THE KENSINGTON, SARATOGA, Aug. 14, 1883.

The past week in Saratoga has wrought great changes in the place. The lowering clouds which had oppressed us so long, having done their "level worst," retreated beyond the mountains, and every day was as full of sunshine as Apollo could make it. Every day also brought in long trains of cars filled with visitors to the Springs, so that by Saturday night the hotels were filled to overflowing. And Saratoga is now rejoicing in that annual brilliancy of social splendor which marks the height of its season. At the large hotels, tables are prepared upon the piazzas for dinner, and guests are lodged wherever a room can be found, either under the eaves or elsewhere. Still, as there are always people who are going as well coming to this Mecca of fashionable delights, there is always room for one more; and landlords are proverbial for always finding some nook or corner in their house may be. It is no unusual thing just now for a gentleman of the colliate fraternity to go to his room and to be amazed at finding it occupied by some family man, while his own "traps" have been summarily removed to some smaller apartment. But nobody feels very sorry for the dismal woes of these wretched old bachelors when they relate their piteous stories upon the piazzas. Even the clerks take a malicious delight in placing these troublesome creatures upon the same floor with some unhappy infant who is fond of exercising its lungs by night; and if there is anything worse than a crying baby next to one's own apartment, why, it must be an old bachelor! The hops on Saturday night were crowded with the beauty and fashion of Saratoga, and many dazzling toilets appeared for the first time this season. One lady, whose father is the lucky possessor of a gold mine, has a set of jewels to match each costume she wears—amethysts, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds—she glitters in each alternately, and is herself one of the brightest gems in society, which cannot be said of all ladies who luxuriate in jewels of the first water. The woman who wears glass in her spectacles, but in her ears, upon her fingers, and glistening upon her neck, and the woman who thanked heaven in the most emphatic manner, when she returned from Europe, that she had "landed upon terra cotta at last!" are both here, and serve to amuse as well as to horrify the gay world in which they move, and in which they fancy they have secured a position on account of their ostentatious wealth. Life is full to the brim with small vanities, petty ambitions, and vain struggles for the unattainable. It is pitiable, as well as amusing, to observe the numerous devices which your *novissima* riches employ to overthrow the barriers with which fashionable aristocracy loves to surround itself. They appear to have but one aim in life, one object to attain, and that is to compel the gay world to accord them the social position they desire. To accomplish this they spend their money in the most lavish manner. They give ostentatious dinner parties, drive in showy equipages, glitter in diamonds from morning until midnight, and rustle in silks and velvets which have just passed through the hands of Worth or some other fashionable and high priced *modiste*. But in despite of their money, vulgarity of origin will betray itself, and the remorseless world sneers and criticizes, even though it sometimes condescends to eat of the magnificent dinners, to drink the fine wines, and to praise the jewels and costumes of these aspirants for fashionable honors. A great deal of this ceaseless strife for social prominence is always to be observed in Saratoga. Mrs. Pomposity Jones is always envious of her neighbor, who, without having half her wealth, and without making any display, is received in the very best circles—where she herself is but barely tolerated. She cannot understand why the world is so blind to her own attractions, and so attentive to that plain little Mrs. Knickerbocker, who is distinguished by her family.

Springs. Crowds of young ladies and others visit her stable every morning, carrying lumps of sugar and other dainties for her to eat. She nibbles the daisies and roses from their corsage bouquets, and evidently enjoys her daily reception. Her assortment of blankets, harness, etc., is as large and as elegant as becometh a Saratoga belle.

Among the numerous arrivals here of note are two attaches of the Chinese legation, who excite much attention in their richly embroidered robes of silk, and with their pigtail of unusual length. They are chartered in Saratoga by Mrs. Senator Malone, of Virginia, and although they both wear spectacles and look tremendously wise, they seem to enjoy the, to them, strange scenes of this brilliant watering place life.

SOPHIE SPARKLE.

Stuck Fast.

About a year after my scaffold accident, I goes home one night, and Mrs. Burge—that's our next-door neighbor—shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creamy, and very snuffly, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to sniff.

Ain't it a little beauty?" she says. Well, I couldn't see it as it was; but I didn't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I didn't like to disappoint her, for I knew she lay listenin' in the next room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it *was* taking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I wasn't looking; and I knew it was all on account of the little 'un. She never said she felt dull how; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a-handling the little thing that was allus being pushed into my face to kiss; when I'm blest if ever I see such a voracious fun in my life; it would hang on to you—nose, lip, anywhere—in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me to run for the doctor; for it happened that I was on the club that week, and at home with a bad hand. I run for him, and he soon came; and then there was a warnin' when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's lap so still and quiet, and with a dull film forming over its eyes. I felt that something was coming, though I dared not tell her; and about twelve o'clock the little thing suddenly started, stared wildly an instant, and then it was all over.

My hand wasn't bad any more that week; for it took all my time to try and cheer up my poor heart-broken lass. She did take on dreadful, night and day; night and day till we buried it; and then she seemed to take quite a change, and begged of me to forgive what she called her selfishness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as she said, and talked about all being for the best. But she didn't know that I lay awake of a night, feeling her cry silently till the pillow was soaked with tears.

We buried the little one on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning I was slapped on to a job that I didn't much relish, for it was the rebrickin' of a sewer that ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

After two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains down in the country, but not in such a concern as this; why, a life-guard might have walked down it easy, so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go down the ladder, after ladder, past gas-pipes and water pipes, and down, down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part that you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards and scaffolds and ladders, that it's no use to you who are working by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is the dark, black arch, and there behind you is another; while under and above the feet, rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turpentine, silver watch, and every sixpence and shilling you have in your pocket, black as the water that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rumbling along the dark arch till you think it has gone, when all at once you hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit o' hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, nothing made me jump more than when a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above, and came rattling down. I've seen more than one chap change color; and I know it's been from the thought that, suppose the earth should fall in, who should we be? No doubt the first crush in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foreman; but there seemed something verily awful in the idea o' being buried alive.

Big as the opening was, when I went to work it made me shudder; there was the earth thrown out; there was the rope at the side; there was the boarding round; there it was for all the world like a big grave, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and feeling a bit loo-spirited, it almost seemed as though I was going down into my own, never to come up any more.

Werry stupid and foolish ideas, says you—far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, but that's what I thought; and there are times when men has werry strange ideas; and I'll tell you for a fact that something struck me when I went down that hole as I shouldn't come up it again; and I didn't neither. Why, the werry feel o' the cold, damp place made you think o' being buried, and when a few bits of earth came and rattled down upon my stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over, it seemed to me so like the rattling of the earth that a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my bright trowel, which, if it had been left, would ha' been a spot o' rust.

Nothing like work to put a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes o' my trowel went ringing away down the sewer as I felt the bricks in half, and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle; but I didn't, for I kept on thinking of that solitary face at home—the face that always brightened up when I went back; and had made such a man o' me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be o' looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I—well, I ain't ashamed of it, if I am a great lubber fellow—I took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at

a little bit of a shoe as I had in my pocket. I didn't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack, and then I to again directly along with two more, for we was on the piece. We had some beer sent down to us, and at it we went till it was time to leave off; and I must say as I was glad of it, and didn't much care for the beer, coming on to work all night, though it might just as well have been night with us. I was last down, and had just put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit and jarred the boards up; and then directly after that seemed to be a brick caught me on the head, and before I knew where I was, I was off the little platform, splash down in the cold, rushing water that took me off and away yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused and half stunned, that I let it go under again, and had been carried ever so far before, half drowned, I gained my legs, and leaned, panting and blinded, up against the slimy wall.

There I stood for at least ten minutes, I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, the slimy, muddy bricks against my hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and I wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up directly. All at once, though, I gave a jump, and instead o' being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and shuddery; for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, and heard close by me a light spot in the water, and I knew which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beasts that I fancied must be in swarms around me, half wrung from me as a cry of fear and agony, I yelled out: "Rats!"

Rats! they were; for above the hollow "wash-wash, hurry hurry, wash-wash, hurry hurry," of the water I could hear little splashes and a scuffling by me along the sides of the brickwork.

You may have caught at people's hair standing on end, but I know that there was a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots o' mine, as though sand was trickling amongst it; a cloud seemed to come over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad—mad with fear; and it was only by setting my teeth hard and clenching my fists that I kept from shrieking. However, I was better, and ready to laugh at myself, as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. All at once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

Which way did the water run? My head turned about, and my temples throbbed with the thought. If I went the wrong way I should be lost—lost in this horrible darkness—to sink, at last, into the foul, black stream, to be drowned and devoured by the rats, or else to be choked by the foul gases that must be lurking down here in these dark recesses.

Again the horror, the thick darkness came upon me. I shrieked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I would cry aloud to scare the rats. What I only did not have given for a stout stick as a defence against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be righted down the stream, and when a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water. But I could not reflect, for my brain seemed in a state of fever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought came upon me that I was going down the stream, and I tried to lean up against the wall, which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt no cold, for the perspiration dropped from me, as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, guiding myself by running a hand against the wall where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffle and rustle, and more and more I touched the cold, slippery body of a rat—a touch that made me start back as though shot.

On I went, and on, and still no scaffold, and no gleam of gaslight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my situation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or even a wrong right. He wasn't hurt or even awakened by the fall.

The something *grupp* (or whatever they call it in Perry County) must be tolerably strong.

"To live long it is necessary to live slowly." In certain telegraph messenger moves through life with a view to attaining a ripe old age.

Mr. Bergh calls catching fish with a hook reel. Hereafter the lone fisherman will shoot a cannon across the water to stun the fish before he dispatches them with a shot gun. Inconvenient, perhaps, but humane.

It is funny what snobs fish are anyway. If the Princess Louise or President Arthur goes off with a party fishing, the Princess invariably secures the finest salmon and the President always catches the first trout.

In front, I kept hearing the rats I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dozen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little light which followed even now gives me the horrors. I'd hardly room to move; but I killed one by squeezing him, when the others backed off, but not till my face was bitten and running with blood.

At last, half dead, I tried to back out, for the place seemed to stifle me; and I pushed myself back a little way, and then I was stopped, for the skirts of my jacket filled up what little space had been left, and I felt that I was wedged in, stuck fast.

Now came the horrors again worse than ever. The hot blood seemed to gush into my eyes; I felt half suffocated; and, to add to my sufferings, a rat that felt itself, as it were, penned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, however, for, half mad as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was so knocked up; and then I fainted.

It must have been some time before I came to myself; but when I did, the first sound I heard was a regular tramp, tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help, when, to my great joy, the yell halted, and I shrieked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. It was a voice shouting:

"Hullo!"

"Stuck fast in the drain!" I shouted with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterwards out of a brain fever sleep in a hospital.

It seemed as though I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end of the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman had heard my shriek, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out of me. It was then about half-past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open, they were about to give it up, saying, the policeman had been humbugged; when a couple o' sweeps came up, and the little 'un offered to go down back-wards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had many a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have a many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear—always take care that shall be when Polly's away—he says he knows I should have liked to see how they tore that drain up in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart, that it comes quite natural to say, "You're right, my boy!"

Ballots.

Won't you tell me why, Robin,
You little birds that fly
Among the trees, don't kill the worms—
Oh, won't you tell me why?

A Philadelphia man has been arrested for stealing large quantities of quinine. He must be a thoroughbred "shaker."

If he had fallen into the hands of a Jersey judge, he would probably have been a thoroughbred quaker.

"Ingratitude is the unpardonable sin." The old proverbial saying that never saw a tired little woman stand up all the way from New York to Hoboken while gentlemen occupied every seat in the ladies' cabin of the ferry boat.

Millionaire Flood's new house in San Francisco will cost about five million dollars—but like the pauper, his last home will be only "the low green tent, whose curtains never outward flap."

The Newark *Sunday Call* asks: "How did we come to possess our present form of dress?" We know of one fellow who pawned his last winter's form of overcoat to procure it.

"Was your husband shot with fatal results?" I asked a listener of a woman who was telling of a fourth of July casualty, and Grace's goodness, worse than that," she exclaimed. "He was shot with a double barreled revolver."

An exchange tells us that a Perry County somnambulist fell out of a second story window the other night. He wasn't hurt or even awakened by the fall.

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Possible customer, with a view to the price: "How do you sell these stockings?"
Boy, temporarily in charge: "Why, by the pair, of course. Did you think we sold 'em by the yard?"

SUNLIGHT bleaches linen to a snowy whiteness, and turns the snowy complexion of the prettiest girl in town to a dusky hue. Away with such an inconsistent snarl—Burlington Hawkeye.

Business College.
The New Jersey Business College,
764 & 766 BROAD ST., NEWARK.
Begins its new year for Day Sessions Sept. 3, and Evening Sessions Sept. 10.
Nearly 800 young men and lady students during the past year. The patronage of the school is mainly from Newark and the immediate vicinity, showing a home appreciation. Ten teachers, three floors.
All the commercial studies—German, Short-hand, Typewriting, Drawing, Tutoring, Reasoning, etc. The principal has had 15 years' experience in Newark as a teacher of business studies.
Catalogue and College Papers Free.
C. T. MILLER, Principal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

ESSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Between Mary A. Cuff, Compt. and Bridget Broderick et al., Defts.—One Bill, etc.
Appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgagee in the bill of complaint in this cause mentioned a dead, and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown;
It is on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Coult and Howell, of counsel with the complainant, and that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of Walnut Street in said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by Walnut Street on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day of December next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just.

And it is further ordered that this order shall within twenty days hereafter be published in *The Bloomfield Citizen*, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continued therein at least one week, to wit, on the days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring, and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail to the postoffice at Newark, New Jersey, to said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DAVID A. DEPU, Judge.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, New Jersey, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate, in the said Township, in the year 1882, and on the lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate, in the said Township, in the year 1883, to wit, on Thursday, the 13th day of September next, at the hour of 2 P. M., at his office in Library Hall, said Township of Bloomfield, New Jersey, the following lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes, with the interest thereon, from the twentieth day of October, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, together with all costs, fees, charges, and expenses.

76. Lyon, Wm. One house, 28 acres, part of the farm formerly belonging to Mrs. Cynthia Van Winkle, lying on West side of Pat. Road. 38.41
114. Stier, Est. John M. One house, 1 acre, N. J. Co. Brokaw, E. 3d River; S. James E. Jones; W. Pat. Road. 15.58
125. Van Winkle, Hiram and Jno. 10 acres, N. E. St. J. Kierstead; E. Sam Brown; S. Mrs. McElwray; W. 3d River. 9.84
23. Courbant, Louis. One house, N. Bay Lane; E. Est. of W. S. Baldwin; S. W. Isaac H. Day. 36.42
24. Clark, Woodrow. One house, N. Bay Lane; E. Est. of W. S. Baldwin; S. W. Isaac H. Day. 36.42
25. Kent, Aaron H. One house, N. Bay Lane; E. Est. of W. S. Baldwin; S. W. Isaac H. Day. 36.42
26. Old Road; E. Jacob Richter; S. Est. of C. Farrand; W. Formally W. Wright. 30.78
27. McElwray, Chas. One house, N. Bay Lane; E. Est. of J. M. Bonnell; S. Montclair R.R. W. 44.32
62. Reel, Gilbert H. One house, N. Bay Lane; E. Est. of W. S. Baldwin; S. W. Isaac H. Day. 36.42
81. Ward, W. Ed. Ward; S. Est. of J. E. Ward; W. Ed. Ward. 55.36
82. Ward, Chas. S. Ward; S. Est. of J. E. Ward; W. Ed. Ward. 55.36
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130. Ward, Chas. S. Ward; S. Est. of J. E. Ward; W. Ed. Ward. 55.36
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